Harriet Milne's
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HOMER'S

I L I A D.

Amelia Milne
the gift of her
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APR

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE.

VOLUME SECOND.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Digne ſcripſerit? aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionen? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden ſuperis parem? HOR.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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APR

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſingle combat of Hector and Ajax.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehenſions for the Greeks. Apollo ſeeing her deſcend from Olympus, joins her near the Scaean gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a ſingle combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is caſt, and falls upon Ajax. Theſe heroes, after ſeveral attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor propoſes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not conſent, but offers to reſtore them her riches. Priam ſends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the laſt of which only is [illegible]ced to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are [illegible]ormed, the Greeks, purſuant to the advice of [illegible]or, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and [illegible]p, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch [illegible]paliſades. Neptune teſtifies his jealouſy at this [illegible]ork, but is pacified by a promiſe from Jupiter. Both armies paſs the night in feaſting; but Jupiter

diſheartens the Trojans with thunder and other ſigns of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the ſlain; and one more in building the fortification before the ſhips. So that ſomewhat above three days is employed in this book. The *ſcene* lies wholly in the field.

So ſpoke the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Then ruſh'd impetuous through the Scaean gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing ſlaughter, both reſolv'd in arms.
As when to ſailors labouring thro' the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length the expected gales ariſe;
The gales blow grateful, and the veſſel flies:
So welcome theſe to Troy's deſiring train;
The bands are chear'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris firſt the work of death begun,
On great Meneſtheus, Areithoüs' ſon:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleaſing Arne was his native place.
Then ſunk Eioneus to the ſhades below,
Beneath his ſteely caſque he felt the blow
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' ſpear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;

Headlong he tumbles; his ſlack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold uſeleſs members on the ground.
When now Minerva ſaw her Argives ſlain,
From vaſt Olympus to the gleaming plain
Fierce ſhe deſcends; Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor ſhot leſs ſwift from Ilion's towery height:
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen ſhade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd maid.
What cauſe, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progreſs from the realms above?
Once more impetuous doſt thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and huſh the ſtern debate:
This day, the buſineſs of the field ſuſpend;
War ſoon ſhall kindle, and great Ilion bend;
Since vengeful goddeſſes confederate join
To raze her walls, tho' built by hands divine.
To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the ſkies:
But who ſhall bid conflicting hoſts forbear,
What art ſhall calm the furious ſons of war?
To her the god: Great Hector's ſoul incite
To dare the boldeſt Greek to ſingle fight,
'Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers ſhow
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.
At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;
Sage Helenus their ſecret counſels knew:
Hector inſpir'd he ſought; to him addreſt,
Thus told the dictates of his ſacred breaſt.

O ſon of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth perſuaſive, and awhile engage
The warring nations to ſuſpend their rage;
Then dare the boldeſt of the hoſtile train
To mortal combat on the liſted plain.
For not this day ſhall end thy glorious date;
The gods have ſpoke it, and their voice is fate.
He ſaid; the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midſt athwart. On either hand
The ſquadrons part; the expecting Trojans ſtand,
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and huſh the tumult of the war.
The Athenian maid, and glorious god of day,
With ſilent joy the ſettling hoſts ſurvey;
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They ſit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obſcure the duſky fields,
Horrid with briſtling ſpears, and gleaming ſhields.
As when a general darkneſs veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain)
The waves ſcarce heave, the face of ocean ſleeps,
And a ſtill horror ſaddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders ſettling wide around,
At length compos'd they ſit, and ſhade the ground.
Great Hector firſt amidſt both armies broke
The ſolemn ſilence, and their powers beſpoke.
Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
What my ſoul prompts, and what ſome god commands.

Great Jove, averſe our warfare to compoſe,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
'Till Ilion falls, or 'till yon' navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks! appear;
'Tis Hector ſpeaks, and calls the gods to hear:
From all your troops ſelect the boldeſt knight,
And him, the boldeſt, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle ſlain,
Be his my ſpoil, and his theſe arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.
And if Apollo, in whoſe aid I truſt,
Shall ſtretch your daring champion in the duſt;
If mine the glory to deſpoil the foe;
On Phoebus' temple I'll his arms beſtow;
The breathleſs carcaſe to your navy ſent,
Greece on the ſhore ſhall raiſe a monument;
Which when ſome future mariner ſurveys,
Waſh'd by broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſeas,
Thus ſhall he ſay, "A valiant Greek lies there,
"By Hector ſlain, the mighty man of war."
The ſtone ſhall tell your vanquiſh'd hero's name,
And diſtant ages learn the victor's fame.
This fierce defiance Greece aſtoniſh'd heard,
Aſham'd to refuſe, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaus firſt the ſilence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious ſpoke.
Women of Greece! Oh ſcandal of your race,
Whoſe coward-ſouls your manly form diſgrace,

How great the ſhame, when every age ſhall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then! reſolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartleſs, ſpiritleſs, inglorious crew!
Be what ye ſeem, unanimated clay!
Myſelf will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold taſk the generous ſtrife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.

Theſe words ſcarce ſpoke, with generous ardour preſt,
His manly limbs in azure arms he dreſt:
That day, Atrides! a ſuperior hand
Had ſtretch'd thee breathleſs on the hoſtile ſtrand;
But all at once, thy fury to compoſe,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, aroſe:
Even he their chief, great Agamemnon, preſs'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice addreſs'd.
Whither, O Menelaus! wouldſt thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee ſhun?
Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the raſh deſign;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
Even fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful ſon of war.
Sit thou ſecure amidſt thy ſocial band;
Greece in our cauſe ſhall arm ſome powerful hand.
The mightieſt warrior of the Achaian name,
Tho' bold, and burning with deſire of fame,
Content the doubtful honour might foregoe,
So great the danger, and ſo brave the foe.

He ſaid, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He ſtoop'd to reaſon, and his rage reſign'd,

No longer bent to ruſh on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
He, from whoſe lips divine perſuaſion flows,
Grave Neſtor then, in graceful act aroſe,
Thus to the kings he ſpoke. What grief, what ſhame
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name?
How ſhall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their ſons degenerate, and their race a ſcorn?
What tears ſhall down thy ſilver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wiſdom old!
Once with what joy the generous prince would hear
Of every chief who fought this glorious war,
Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's ſire!
Gods! ſhould he ſee our warriors trembling ſtand,
And trembling all before one hoſtile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all the immortal powers above,
Minerva, Phoebus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the ſpring which once it knew:
When fierce in war, where Jardan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phaea's trembling wall,
And with the Arcadian ſpears my proweſs try'd,
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Proud Areithoüs' dreadful arms to wield;
Great Areithoüs, known from ſhore to ſhore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;

No lance he ſhook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus ſlew,
Whoſe guileful javelin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breaſt aſſail'd,
Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd,
Supine he fell: thoſe arms which Mars before
Had given the vanquiſh'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he conſign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he cruſh'd our levell'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the ſtrongeſt hands;
Nor could the ſtrongeſt hands his fury ſtay;
All ſaw, and fear'd, his huge, tempeſtuous ſway,
'Till I, the youngeſt of the hoſt, appear'd,
And youngeſt, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
What then he was, oh were your Neſtor now!
Not Hector's ſelf ſhould want an equal foe.
But warriors, you that youthful vigour boaſt,
The flower of Greece, the examples of our hoſt,
Sprung from ſuch fathers, who ſuch numbers ſway,
Can you ſtand trembling, and deſert the day?

His warm reproofs the liſtening kings inflame;
And nine, the nobleſt of the Grecian name,
Up-ſtarted fierce: but far before the reſt
The king of men advanc'd his dauntleſs breaſt:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd:

Oïleus follow'd: Idomen was there,
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war:
With theſe Eurypylus and Thoas ſtand,
And wiſe Ulyſſes clos'd the daring band.
All theſe, alike inſpir'd with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian ſage:
Leſt thirſt of glory your brave ſouls divide,
What chief ſhall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heaven ſhall chooſe, be his the chance to raiſe
His country's fame, his own immortal praiſe.
The lots produc'd, each hero ſigns his own;
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown.
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like theſe aſcend from all the bands.
Grant, thou Almighty! in whoſe hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian ſtate.
This taſk let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove.
Old Neſtor ſhook the caſque. By heaven inſpir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek deſir'd.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers:
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
'Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys the inſcription with rejoicing eyes,
Then caſts before him, and with tranſport cries:
Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conqueſt of this chief of Troy.
Now, while my brighteſt arms my limbs inveſt,
To Saturn's ſon be all your vows addreſt:

But pray in ſecret, leſt the foes ſhould hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.
Said I in ſecret? No, your vows declare,
In ſuch a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread,
Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And born to combats, fear no force of earth.
He ſaid. The troops, with elevated eyes,
Implore the god whoſe thunder rends the ſkies.
O father of mankind, ſuperior lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the higheſt heaven has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praiſe and conqueſt of this doubtful day;
Or if illuſtrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may ſhare.
Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright ſteel the giant warrior ſhone:
He moves to combat with majeſtic pace;
So ſtalks in arms the grizly god of Thrace,
When Jove to puniſh faithleſs men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waſte of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god;
Grimly he ſmil'd: earth trembled as he ſtrode:
His maſſy javelin quivering in his hand,
He ſtood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Thro' every Argive heart new tranſport ran;
All Troy ſtood trembling at the mighty man.

Even Hector paus'd; and with new doubt oppreſt,
Felt his great heart ſuſpended in his breaſt:
'Twas vain to ſeek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himſelf had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample ſhield,
As from a brazen tower o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with ſeven thick folds o'ercaſt,
Of tough bull hides; of ſolid braſs the laſt.
(The work of Tychius, who in Hyle dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd.)
This Ajax bore before his manly breaſt,
And threatening, thus his adverſe chief addreſt.
Hector! approach my arm, and ſingly know,
What ſtrength thou haſt, and what the Grecian foe.
Achilles ſhuns the fight; yet ſome there are,
Not void of ſoul, and not unſkill'd in war:
Let him, unactive, on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boaſt,
And ſends thee one, a ſample of her hoſt.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—be ſudden, and begin the fight.
O ſon of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me, as a boy or woman, would'ſt thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'ſt a chief, deſerving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidſt alarms:
I know to ſhift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and anſwer every call of war;

To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my ſounding ſhield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I ſteal no conqueſt from a noble foe.

He ſaid, and riſing, high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance againſt the ſevenfold ſhield.
Full on the braſs deſcending from above
Thro' ſix bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
'Till in the ſeventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Thro' Hector's ſhield the forceful javelin flew,
His corſlet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank deſcends.
The wary Trojan ſhrinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, diſappoints the blow.
From their bor'd ſhields the chiefs their javelins drew,
Then cloſe impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
At Ajax Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point againſt the buckler bends.
But Ajax watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove thro' the Trojan targe the knotty ſpear;
It reach'd his neck with matchleſs ſtrength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his ſhining ſhield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus: but, ſtooping down,
In his ſtrong hand up-heav'd a flinty ſtone,
Black, craggy, vaſt: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boſs the ſtone deſcends;
The hollow braſs reſounded with the ſhock.
Then Ajax ſeiz'd the fragment of a rock,

Apply'd each nerve, and ſwinging round on high,
With force tempeſtuous let the ruin fly;
The huge ſtone thundering thro' his buckler broke;
His ſlacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing ſtroke;
Great Hector falls, extended on the field,
His bulk ſupporting on the ſhatter'd ſhield;
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his ſinews, and reſtor'd to fight.
And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by heralds voice the word was given,
The ſacred miniſters of earth and heaven:
Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And ſage Idaeus on the part of Troy,
Between the ſwords, their peaceful ſceptres rear'd;
And firſt Idaeus' awful voice was heard.

Forbear, my ſons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either hoſt your matchleſs worth is known,
Each ſounds your praiſe, and war is all your own.
But now the night extends her awful ſhade;
The goddeſs parts you: be the night obey'd.

To whom great Ajax his high ſoul expreſs'd.
O ſage! to Hector be theſe words addreſs'd.
Let him, who firſt provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the ſanction of the night;
If firſt he aſk it, I content obey,
And ceaſe the ſtrife when Hector ſhows the way.

Oh firſt of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heaven adorns, ſuperior to thy kind,
With ſtrength of body, and with worth of mind!

Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we ſhall meet in glorious war.
Some future day ſhall lengthen out the ſtrife,
And let the gods decide of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy ſhade,
And heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I ſhall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies heaven with vows for Hector's life.
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange ſome gift; that Greece and Troy may ſay,
"Not hate, but glory, made theſe chiefs contend;
"And each brave foe was in his ſoul a friend."
With that, a ſword with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
The baldric ſtudded, and the ſheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek beſtow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majeſtic grace they quit the plain;
This ſeeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.
The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their ſtate:
Eſcap'd great Ajax, they ſurvey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the god-like man they bear,
Their preſent triumph, as their late deſpair.
But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A ſteer for ſacrifice the king deſign'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.

The victim falls; they ſtrip the ſmoking hide,
The beaſt they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
The king himſelf, (an honorary ſign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd;
Neſtor, in each perſuaſive art approv'd,
The ſage whoſe counſels long had ſway'd the reſt,
In words like theſe his prudent thoughts expreſt.
How dear, O kings! this fatal day has coſt,
What Greeks are periſh'd! what a people loſt!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's ſhore!
What crowds of heroes ſunk, to riſe no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy ſquadrons to new toils of fight:
Some ſpace at leaſt permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our ſlaughter'd friends bequeath.
From the red field their ſcatter'd bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a funeral ſtructure rear;
So decent urns their ſnowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their aſhes weep.
Here, where on one promiſcuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a general tomb be rais'd;
Next, to ſecure our camp, and naval powers,
Raiſe an embattel'd wall, with lofty towers;
From ſpace to ſpace be ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots, and a trench profound.
So Greece to combat ſhall in ſafety go,
Nor fear the fierce incurſions of the foe.

'Twas thus the ſage his wholeſome counſel mov'd;
The ſcepter'd kings of Greece his words approv'd.
Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council ſat:
A ſenate void of order, as of choice,
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor riſing, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars hear!
'Tis heaven the counſel of my breaſt inſpires,
And I but move what every god requires:
Let Sparta's treaſures be this hour reſtor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the ſworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the juſt gods provoke.
As this advice ye practiſe, or reject,
So hope ſucceſs, or dread the dire effect.
The ſenior ſpoke, and ſat. To whom reply'd
The graceful huſband of the Spartan bride.
Cold counſels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But ſound ungrateful in a warrior's ears.
Old man, if void of fallacy or art
Thy words expreſs the purpoſe of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more ſound advice haſt given;
But wiſdom has its date, aſſign'd by heaven.
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
Their treaſures I'll reſtore, but not the dame;
My treaſures too, for peace, I will reſign;
But be this bright poſſeſſion ever mine.
'Twas then the growing diſcord to compoſe,
Slow from his ſeat the reverend Priam roſe:

His godlike aſpect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and theſe pacific words enſue.
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreſhment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
'Till the new ſun reſtores the chearful light:
Then ſhall our herald to the Atrides ſent,
Before their ſhips proclaim my ſon's intent.
Next let a truce be aſk'd, that Troy may burn
Her ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!
The monarch ſpoke: the warriors ſnatch'd with haſte
(Each at his poſt in arms) a ſhort repaſt.
Soon as the roſy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ſhips Idaeus bent his way:
There, to the ſons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice: the hoſt ſtood liſtening round.
Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch hear.
Pleas'd may ye hear (ſo heaven ſucceed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The ſpoils and treaſures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh had he periſh'd ere they touch'd our ſhore)
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increaſe,
Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace.
But to reſtore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requeſts in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we aſk a truce to burn
Our ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn.

That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!
The Greeks gave ear, but none the ſilence broke;
At length Tydides roſe, and riſing ſpoke.
Oh take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor even the Spartan dame.
Let conqueſt make them ours: fate ſhakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.
The admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general ſhouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'ſt the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes corps: I war not with the dead:
Go ſearch your ſlaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the ſlain.
Be witneſs Jove, whoſe thunder rolls on high:
He ſaid, and rear'd his ſceptre to the ſky.
To ſacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait the event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and ſtanding in the midſt, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Strait to their ſeveral cares the Trojans move,
Some ſearch the plains, ſome fell the ſounding grove:
Nor leſs the Greeks, deſcending on the ſhore,
Hew'd the green foreſts, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To ſhed his ſacred light on earth again,
Aroſe the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.

In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Thro' heaps of carnage ſearch'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend the ſlaughter'd friend explore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they waſh'd, their pious tears they ſhed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with ſilent haſte
The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts their cold remains they burn'd;
And ſadly ſlow, to ſacred Troy return'd.
Nor leſs the Greeks their pious ſorrows ſhed,
And decent on the pile diſpoſe the dead;
The cold remains conſume with equal care;
And ſlowly, ſadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had ſtreak'd with reddening light
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.
Then, to ſecure the camp and naval powers,
They rais'd embattell'd walls with lofty towers:
From ſpace to ſpace were ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth below
Strong piles infix'd ſtood adverſe to the foe.
So toil'd the Greeks: Meanwhile the gods above
In ſhining circle round their father Jove,
Amaz'd, beheld the wondrous works of man:
Then he, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth, began.
What mortals henceforth ſhall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,

If the proud Grecians thus ſucceſsful boaſt
Their riſing bulwarks on the ſea-beat coaſt?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No god conſulted, and no victim ſlain!
Their fame ſhall fill the world's remoteſt ends;
Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends.
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
Thoſe radiant ſtructures rais'd by labouring gods,
Shall, raz'd and loſt, in long oblivion ſleep.
Thus ſpoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

The almighty thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the ſkies.
Strong god of ocean! thou, whoſe rage can make
The ſolid earth's eternal baſis ſhake!
What cauſe of fear from mortal works could move
The meaneſt ſubject of our realms above?
Where-e'er the ſun's refulgent rays are caſt,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame ſhall laſt.
But yon' proud work no future age ſhall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew.
The ſapp'd foundations by thy force ſhall fall,
And whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vaſt drifts of ſand ſhall change the former ſhore;
The ruin vaniſh'd, and the name no more.

Thus they in heaven: while, o'er the Grecian train,
The rolling ſun deſcending to the main
Beheld the finiſh'd work. Their bulls they ſlew;
Black from the tents the ſavoury vapours flew.
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' ſtrands,
With Bacchus' bleſſings chear'd the generous bands.

Of fragrant wines the rich Eunaeus ſent,
A thouſand meaſures to the royal tent.
(Eunaeus, whom Hypſipyle of yore
To Jaſon, ſhepherd of his people, bore.)
The reſt they purchas'd at their proper coſt,
And well the plenteous freight ſupply'd the hoſt:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treaſures gave:
Some braſs, or iron, ſome an ox, or ſlave:
All night they feaſt, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Thoſe on the fields, and theſe within their towers.
But Jove averſe the ſigns of wrath diſplay'd,
And ſhot red lightnings thro' the gloomy ſhade:
Humbled they ſtood; pale horror ſeiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder ſhook the aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove before the bowl was crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the thirſty ground:
Then late refreſh'd with ſleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy bleſſings of the night.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſecond battle, and the diſtreſs of the Greeks.

JUPITER aſſembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they aſſiſt either ſide: Minerva only obtains of him that ſhe may direct the Greeks by her counſels. The armies join battle; Jupiter on mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Neſtor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whoſe exploits, and thoſe of Hector, are excellently deſcribed. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Greeks, but are reſtrained by Iris, ſent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ſhips) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-imbarking and eſcaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and paſs the night under arms.

The time of ſeven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The *ſcene* here (except of the celeſtial machines) lies in the field toward the ſea-ſhore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops ariſe.
The ſire of gods his awful ſilence broke;
The heavens attentive trembled as he ſpoke.
Celeſtial ſtates, immortal gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree which not all heaven can move;
Thou fate! fulfill it; and, ye powers! approve!
What god but enters yon' forbidden field,
Who yields aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the ſkies with ſhame he ſhall be driven,
Gaſh'd with diſhoneſt wounds, the ſcorn of heaven:
Or far, oh far from ſteep Olympus thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf ſhall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors:
As deep beneath the infernal center hurl'd,
As from that center to the ethereal world.
Let him who tempts me dread thoſe dire abodes;
And know, the Almighty is the God of gods.
League all your forces then, ye powers above,
Join all, and try the omnipotence of Jove:
Let down our golden, everlaſting chain, [main:
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the thunderer down to earth:
Ye ſtrive in vain! if I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight!
For ſuch I reign, unbounded and above;
And ſuch are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove.
The Almighty ſpoke, nor durſt the powers reply,
A reverend horror ſilenc'd all the ſky;
Trembling they ſtood before their ſovereign's look;
At length his beſt belov'd, the power of Wiſdom, ſpoke.
O firſt and greateſt! God, by gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our father and our lord!
But ah! permit to pity human ſtate;
If not to help, at leaſt lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant my counſels ſtill their breaſt may move,
Or all muſt periſh in the wrath of Jove.
The cloud-compelling God her ſuit approv'd,
And ſmil'd ſuperior on his beſt belov'd.
Then call'd his courſers, and his chariot took;
The ſtedfaſt firmament beneath them ſhook:
Rapt by the ethereal ſteeds the chariot roll'd;
Braſs were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heaven's undroſſy gold the god's array
Refulgent, flaſh'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he ſhines: his courſers fly
Between the extended earth, and ſtarry ſky.

But when to Ida's topmoſt height he came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
Where o'er her pointed ſummits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altar blaz'd:
There, from his radiant car, the ſacred ſire
Of gods and men releas'd the ſteeds of fire:
Blue ambient miſts the immortal ſteeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy point his ſeat he plac'd;
Thence his broad eye the ſubject world ſurveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable ſeas.

Now had the Grecians ſnatch'd a ſhort repaſt,
And buckled on their ſhining arms with haſte.
Troy rous'd as ſoon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train:
Squadrons on ſquadrons cloud the duſky plain:
Men, ſteeds and chariots ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
And now with ſhouts the ſhocking armies clos'd,
To lances lances, ſhields to ſhields oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy legions drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
Triumphant ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams increaſing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpread the ſacred light;
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle goar'd with equal wounds.

But when the ſun the height of heaven aſcends;
The ſire of gods his golden ſcales ſuſpends,
With equal hand: in theſe explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight,
Preſs'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low ſunk on earth, the Trojan ſtrikes the ſkies.
Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors ſpreads;
The clouds burſt dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;
Thick lightnings flaſh; the muttering thunder rolls;
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls.
Before his wrath the trembling hoſts retire;
The god in terrors, and the ſkies on fire.
Nor great Idomeneus that ſight could bear,
Nor each ſtern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the king of men, the alarm ſuſtain'd;
Neſtor alone amidſt the ſtorm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his courſer in a mortal part;
Fix'd in the forehead where the ſpringing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it ſtung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguiſh, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and laſh the air.
Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
The incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed,
When dreadful Hector, thundering thro' the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had ſtretch'd beneath his matchleſs hand
The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,
But Diomed beheld; from forth the croud
He ruſh'd, and on Ulyſſes call'd aloud.

Whither, oh whither does Ulyſſes run?
Oh flight unworthy great Laërtes' ſon!
Mix'd with the vulgar ſhall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, diſhoneſt wound?
Oh turn and ſave from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian ſage.
His fruitleſs words are loſt unheard in air,
Ulyſſes ſeeks the ſhips, and ſhelters there.
But bold Tydides to the reſcue goes,
A ſingle warrior 'midſt a hoſt of foes;
Before the courſers with a ſudden ſpring
He leap'd, and anxious thus beſpoke the king.

Great perils, father! wait the unequal fight;
Theſe younger champions will oppreſs thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
Weak is thy ſervant, and thy courſers ſlow.
Then haſte, aſcend my ſeat, and from the car
Obſerve the ſteeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chaſe,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
Theſe late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein;
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:
With theſe againſt yon' Trojans will we go,
Nor ſhall great Hector want an equal foe;
Fierce as he is, even he may learn to fear
The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.

Thus ſaid the chief; and Neſtor, ſkill'd in war,
Approves his counſel, and aſcends the car;
The ſteeds he left, their truſty ſervants hold;
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold.

The reverend charioteer directs the courſe,
And ſtrains his aged arm to laſh the horſe.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his ſpear.
The ſpear with erring haſte miſtook its way,
But plung'd in Eniopeus' boſom lay.
His opening hand in death forſakes the rein;
The ſteeds fly back: he falls, and ſpurns the plain.
Great Hector ſorrows for his ſervant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to preſs the field;
'Till to ſupply his place and rule the car,
Roſe Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horror cover'd all;
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall
Inclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful ſound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vaſt profound:
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with ſulphur blue:
The quivering ſteeds fell proſtrate at the ſight;
And Neſtor's trembling hand confeſs'd his fright;
He dropp'd the reins; and ſhook with ſacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd the intrepid Diomed.

O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire adviſ'd, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averſe, the ſovereign of the ſkies
Aſſiſts great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other ſun may ſee the happier hour,
When Greece ſhall conquer by his heavenly power.
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to ſubmit to Jove.

O reverend prince! (Tydides thus replies)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But ah, what grief! ſhould haughty Hector boaſt,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coaſt.
Before that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warrior's ſhame.

To whom Gerenian Neſtor thus reply'd:
Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride:
Hector may vaunt, but who ſhall heed the boaſt?
Not thoſe who felt thy arm, the Dardan hoſt,
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes loſt;
Not even a Phrygian dame, who dreads the ſword
That laid in duſt her lov'd, lamented lord.
He ſaid, and haſty, o'er the gaſping throng
Drives the ſwift ſteeds; the chariot ſmokes along.
The ſhouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
The ſtorm of hiſſing javelins pours behind.
Then with a voice that ſhakes the ſolid ſkies,
Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies.

Go, mighty hero! grac'd above the reſt
In ſeats of council and the ſumptuous feaſt:
Now hope no more thoſe honours from thy train;
Go, leſs than woman, in the form of man!
To ſcale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
Thy once proud hopes, preſumptuous prince! are fled;
This arm ſhall reach thy heart, and ſtretch thee dead.

Now fears diſſuade him, and now hopes invite,
To ſtop his courſers, and to ſtand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's ſummits thunder'd from above.

Great Hector heard; he ſaw the flaſhing light,
(The ſign of conqueſt) and thus urg'd the fight.
Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? ſucceſs and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal ſhame.
In vain they ſkulk behind their boaſted wall,
Weak bulwarks! deſtin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their ſlighted trench our ſteeds ſhall bound,
And paſs victorious o'er the levell'd mound.
Soon as before yon' hollow ſhips we ſtand,
Fight each with flames, and toſs the blazing brand;
'Till their proud navy wrapt in ſmoke and fires,
All Greece, encompaſs'd, in one blaze expires.
Furious he ſaid; then bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud ſteeds, while thus he ſpoke.
Now Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chace,
And thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
Be fleet, be fearleſs, this important day,
And all your maſter's well-ſpent care repay.
For this, high fed in plenteous ſtalls ye ſtand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princeſs' hand;
For this my ſpouſe of great Aëtion's line
So oft has ſteep'd the ſtrengthening grain in wine.
Now ſwift purſue, now thunder uncontroul'd;
Give me to ſeize rich Neſtor's ſhield of gold;
From Tydeus' ſhoulders ſtrip the coſtly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god:

These if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours.
That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul;
She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:
And thus to Neptune: Thou, whose force can make
The stedfast earth from her foundations shake,
See'st thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress,
Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast?
Yet Ægae, Helice, thy power obey,
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.
Would all the deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy thunderer might repine:
Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend,
And see his Trojans to the shades descend:
Such be the scene from his Idaean bower;
Ungrateful prospect to the sullen power!
Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
What rage, what madness, furious queen, is thine?
I war not with the highest. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.
Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the bands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.
The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.

Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright enſign of command.
High on the midmoſt bark the king appear'd;
There, from Ulyſſes' deck, his voice was heard.
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the ſound,
Whoſe diſtant ſhips the guarded navy bound.
Oh Argives! ſhame of human race; he cry'd,
(The hollow veſſels to his voice reply'd)
Where now are all your glorious boaſts of yore,
Your haſty triumphs on the Lemnian ſhore?
Each fearleſs hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feaſt laſts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames ſurround?
O mighty Jove! oh ſire of the diſtreſs'd!
Was ever king like me, like me oppreſs'd?
With power immenſe, with juſtice arm'd in vain;
My glory raviſh'd, and my people ſlain!
To thee my vows were breath'd from every ſhore;
What altar ſmoak'd not with our victims gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the conſtant flame,
And aſk'd deſtruction to the Trojan name.
Now, gracious god! far humbler our demand;
Give theſe at leaſt to 'ſcape from Hector's hand,
And ſave the relicts of the Grecian land!
Thus pray'd the king, and heaven's great father heard
His vows, in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd;
The wrath appeas'd, by happy ſigns declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.
His eagle, ſacred bird of heaven! he ſent,
A fawn his talons truſs'd (divine portent!)

High o'er the wondring hoſts he ſoar'd above,
Who paid their vows to Panomphaean Jove;
Then let the prey before his altar fall;
The Greeks beheld, and tranſport ſeiz'd on all:
Encourag'd by the ſign, the troops revive,
And fierce on Troy, with doubled fury drive.
Tydides firſt, of all the Grecian force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horſe,
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their ſtrongeſt battle tore,
And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.
Young Agelaus (Phradmon was his ſire)
With flying courſers ſhunn'd his dreadful ire:
Strook thro' the back, the Phrygian fell oppreſt;
The dart drove on, and iſſu'd at his breaſt:
Headlong he quits the car; his arms reſound:
His pondrous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth ruſh a tide of Greeks, the paſſage freed;
The Atridae firſt, the Ajaces next ſucceed:
Mariones, like Mars, in arms renown'd,
And godlike Idomen, now paſs'd the mound;
Evaemon's ſon next iſſues to the foe,
And laſt, young Teucer with his bended bow.
Secure behind the Telamonian ſhield
The ſkilful archer wide ſurvey'd the field,
With every ſhaft ſome hoſtile victim flew,
Then cloſe beneath the ſevenfold orb withdrew:
The conſcious infant ſo, when fear alarms,
Retires for ſafety to the mother's arms.
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the ſhining ſhield.

Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead:
The godlike Lycophon next press'd the plain,
With Chromius, Daetor, Opheleſtes ſlain:
Bold Hamopaon breathleſs ſunk to ground;
The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, ſad trophies of his art,
A Trojan ghoſt attending every dart.
Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
Thy brave example ſhall retrieve our hoſt,
Thy country's ſaviour, and thy father's boaſt!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy ſire to grace,
The vigorous offspring of a ſtolen embrace.
Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,
And the brave ſon repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: if heaven's high powers
Give me to raze Troy's long defended towers;
Whatever treaſures Greece for me deſign,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or diſtinguiſh'd car,
With courſers dreadful in the ranks of war,
Or ſome fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompenſe the warrior's toils with love.
To this the chief: With praiſe the reſt inſpire,
Nor urge a ſoul already fill'd with fire.
What ſtrength I have, be now in battle try'd,
'Till every ſhaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.

Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But ſure ſome god denies me to deſtroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.

He ſaid, and twang'd the ſtring. The weapon flies
At Hector's breaſt, and ſings along the ſkies:
He miſs'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirſty dart.
(Fair Caſtianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line)
As full blown poppies overcharg'd with rain
Decline the head, and drooping kiſs the plain;
So ſinks the youth: his beauteous head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breaſt.
Another ſhaft the raging archer drew:
That other ſhaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phoebus turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry or guiltleſs to the ground:
Thy breaſt, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his ſudden fall alarms
The ſteeds that ſtartle at his ſounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathleſs on the ſanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and iſſues on the plain.
Dreadful he ſhouts; from earth a ſtone he took,
And ruſh'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.

The youth already ſtrain'd the forceful yew;
The ſhaft already to his ſhoulder drew;
The feather in his hand, juſt wing'd for flight.
Touch'd where the neck and hollow cheſt unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief diſcharg'd the craggy ſtone:
The bow ſtring burſt beneath the pondrous blow,
And his numb'd hand diſmiſs'd his uſeleſs bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd his brother with a mighty ſhade;
'Till great Alaſtor, and Meciſtheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the ſhore.
Troy yet found grace before the Olympian ſire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breaſts with fire.
The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
Firſt of the foe, great Hector march'd along,
With terror cloath'd, and more than mortal ſtrong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,
With beating boſom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch, or faſtens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft' the Grecians turn'd, but ſtill they flew;
Thus following Hector ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew.
When flying they had paſs'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground;
Before the ſhips a deſperate ſtand they made,
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon ſhot a ſanguine flame

That wither'd all their hoſt: like Mars he ſtood,
Dire as the monſter, dreadful as the god!
Their ſtrong diſtreſs the wife of Jove ſurvey'd;
Then penſive thus, to war's triumphant maid.

O daughter of that god, whoſe arm can wield
The avenging bolt, and ſhake the ſable ſhield!
Now, in this moment of her laſt deſpair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confeſs our care,
Condemn'd to ſuffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of heaven's relentleſs hate!
Gods! ſhall one raging hand thus level all!
What numbers fell? what numbers yet ſhall fall?
What power divine ſhall Hector's wrath aſſuage?
Still ſwells the ſlaughter, and ſtill grows the rage!

So ſpake the imperial regent of the ſkies;
To whom the goddeſs with the azure eyes:
Long ſince had Hector ſtain'd theſe fields with gore,
Stretch'd by ſome Argive on his native ſhore;
But he above, the ſire of heaven, withſtands,
Mocks our attempts, and ſlights our juſt demands.
The ſtubborn god, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my ſervice and deſerv'd reward:
Sav'd I, for this, his favourite ſon diſtreſs'd,
By ſtern Euriſtheus with long labours preſs'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep diſmay;
I ſhot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wiſdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been croſs'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.

Averſe to me of all his heaven of gods,
At Thetis' ſuit the partial thunderer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, reſenting ſon,
My hopes are fruſtrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd maid his beſt-belov'd.
Haſte, launch thy chariot, thro' yon' ranks to ride;
Myſelf will arm, and thunder at thy ſide.
Then goddeſs! ſay, ſhall Hector glory then,
(That terror of the Greeks, that man of men)
When Juno's ſelf, and Pallas ſhall appear,
All dreadful in the crimſon walks of war?
That mighty Trojan then, on yonder ſhore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feaſt the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore.
  She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the ſteeds with care;
(Heaven's awful empreſs, Saturn's other heir)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her ſacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and ſpreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
His cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt.
The vigorous power the trembling car aſcends;
Shook by her arm the maſſy javelin bends;
Huge, pondrous, ſtrong! that when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
  Saturnia lends the laſh! the courſers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid ſky.
Heaven's gates ſpontaneous open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours,

Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The ſun's bright portals and the ſkies command;
Cloſe, or unfold, the eternal gates of day,
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll theſe clouds away.
The ſounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the ſteep of heaven their courſe they guide.
But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top ſurvey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and ſtop their car;
Againſt the higheſt who ſhall wage the war?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I ſpoke, and what I ſpake is fate.
Their courſers cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Their car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky;
My lightning theſe rebellious ſhall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's ſire.
For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid
From Ida's top her golden wings diſplay'd;
To great Olympus' ſhining gates ſhe flies,
There meets the chariot ruſhing down the ſkies,
Reſtrains their progreſs from the bright abodes,
And ſpeaks the mandate of the ſire of gods.

What frenzy, goddeſſes! what rage can move
Celeſtial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?

Deſiſt, obedient to his high command;
This is his word: and know his word ſhall ſtand.
His lightning your rebellion ſhall confound,
And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horſes cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Your car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky;
Yourſelves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's ſire.
For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs his will:
But thee what deſperate inſolence has driven,
To lift thy lance againſt the king of heaven?

Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage reſign'd.

O daughter of that god, whoſe arm can wield
The avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
No more let beings of ſuperior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miſerably ſlain,
They breathe or periſh as the fates ordain.
But Jove's high counſels full effect ſhall find,
And ever conſtant, ever rule mankind.

She ſpoke, and backward turn'd her ſteeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.
The Hours unloos'd them, panting as they ſtood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambroſial food.
There ty'd, they reſt in high celeſtial ſtalls;
The chariot propt againſt the cryſtal walls.

The penſive goddeſſes, abaſh'd, controul'd,
Mix with the gods, and fill their ſeats of gold.

And now the Thunderer meditates his flight
From Ida's ſummits to the Olympian height.
Swifter than thought the wheels inſtinctive fly,
Flame thro' the vaſt of air, and reach the ſky.
'Twas Neptune's charge his courſers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal baſe;
There ſtood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
'Till with a ſnowy veil he ſcreen'd the blaze.
He, whoſe all-conſcious eyes the world behold,
The eternal Thunderer, ſat thron'd in gold.
High heaven the footſtool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him, all Olympus ſhakes.
Trembling afar the offending powers appear'd,
Confus'd and ſilent, for his frown they fear'd.
He ſaw their ſoul, and thus his word imparts:
Pallas and Juno! ſay, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er almighty power withſtand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who ſhall the ſovereign of the ſkies controul?
Not all the gods that crown the ſtarry pole.
Your hearts ſhall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror ſhake.
For thus I ſpeak, and what I ſpeak ſhall ſtand;
What power ſoe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more ſhall hold his place,
Cut off, and exil'd from the ethereal race.

Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom,
But feaſt their ſouls on Ilion's wars to come.
Tho' ſecret anger ſwell'd Minerva's breaſt,
The prudent goddeſs yet her wrath repreſt:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies.
What haſt thou ſaid, oh tyrant of the ſkies!
Strength and omnipotence inveſt thy throne;
'Tis thine to puniſh; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeaſur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding ſee our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant our counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Leſt all ſhould periſh in the rage of Jove.
The goddeſs thus: and thus the god replies,
Who ſwells the clouds, and blackens all the ſkies.
The morning ſun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall ſee the almighty thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then ſhall load the plain,
Thoſe radiant eyes ſhall view, and view in vain.
Nor ſhall great Hector ceaſe the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
Even till the day, when certain fates ordain
That ſtern Achilles (his Patroclus ſlain)
Shall riſe in vengeance, and lay waſte the plain.
For ſuch is fate, nor canſt thou turn its courſe
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remoteſt bound,
Where on her utmoſt verge the ſeas reſound;
Where curs'd Iapetus and Saturn dwell,
Faſt by the brink, within the ſteams of hell;

No ſun ere gilds the gloomy horrors there,
No chearful gales refreſh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
And arm in vain; for what I will, ſhall ſtand.
Now deep in ocean ſunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks rejoicing bleſs the friendly ſhade.
The victors keep the fields; and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls:
Theſe to Scamander's bank apart he led,
Where thinly ſcatter'd lay the heaps of dead.
The aſſembled chiefs, deſcending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince ſurround.
A maſſy ſpear he bore of mighty ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was braſs, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:
The noble Hector on his lance reclin'd,
And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind.
Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids give ear!
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conquering flame
Greece with her ſhips, and crown our toils with fame:
But darkneſs now, to ſave the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the night, and uſe her peaceful hours
Our ſteeds to forage, and refreſh our powers.
Strait from the town be ſheep and oxen ſought,
And ſtrengthening bread, and generous wine be brought.

Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the ſky,
Let numerous fires the abſent ſun ſupply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raiſe,
'Till the bright morn her purple beam diſplays;
Leſt in the ſilence and the ſhades of night,
Greece in her ſable ſhips attempt her flight.
Not unmoleſted let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or ſafely cleave the main;
Some hoſtile wound let every dart beſtow,
Some laſting token of the Phrygian foe;
Wounds, that may long hence aſk their ſpouſes care,
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now thro' the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let ſacred heralds ſound the ſolemn call;
To bid the ſires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardleſs youths, our battlements ſurround.
Firm be the guard, while diſtant lie our powers,
And let the matrons hang with light the towers:
Leſt under covert of the midnight ſhade,
The inſidious foe the naked town invade.
Suffice, to night, theſe orders to obey;
A nobler charge ſhall rouſe the dawning day.
The gods, I truſt, ſhall give to Hector's hand,
From theſe deteſted foes to free the land,
Who plow'd, with fates averſe, the watery way;
For Trojan vultures a predeſtin'd prey.
Our common ſafety muſt be now the care;
But ſoon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage.

Then, then ſhall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whoſe fates are heavieſt in the ſcale of Jove.
To morrow's light (oh haſte the glorious morn!)
Shall ſee his bloody ſpoils in triumph born,
With this keen javelin ſhall his breaſt be gor'd,
And proſtrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death ſecure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worſhipp'd, like the ſun renown'd!
As the next dawn, the laſt they ſhall enjoy,
Shall cruſh the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.

The leader ſpoke. From all his hoſt around
Shouts of applauſe along the ſhores reſound.
Each from the yoke the ſmoking ſteeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headſtalls to his chariot-ſide.
Fat ſheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-ſuſtaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the ſhore;
The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful offering to the immortal powers;
Whoſe wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his ſons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting ſat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;

Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tipt with ſilver every mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies:
The conſcious ſwains, rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the diſtant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the ſpires.
A thouſand piles the duſky horrors gild,
And ſhoot a ſhady luſtre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whoſe umber'd arms, by fits, thick flaſhes ſend.
Loud neigh the courſers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the riſing morn.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the Greeks to quit the ſiege, and return to their country. Diomed oppoſes this, and Neſtor ſeconds him, praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution. He orders the guard to be ſtrengthened, and a council ſummoned to deliberate what meaſures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon purſues this advice, and Neſtor farther prevails upon him to ſend ambaſſadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulyſſes and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches, but are rejected with roughneſs by Achilles, who, notwithſtanding, retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambaſſadors return unſucceſsfully to the camp, and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, which is the twenty-ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The *ſcene* lies on the ſea-ſhore, the ſtation of the Grecian ſhips.

Thus joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and ſadden'd every heart.
As from its cloudy dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double tempeſt of the weſt and north
Swells o'er the ſea, from Thracia's frozen ſhore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids the Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are toſt;
Such various paſſions urg'd the troubled hoſt.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the reſt;
Superior ſorrows ſwell'd his royal breaſt;
Himſelf his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,
But bid in whiſpers: theſe ſurround their chief,
In ſolemn ſadneſs, and majeſtic grief.
The king amidſt the mournful circle roſe;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So ſilent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In ſable ſtreams ſoft-trickling waters ſhed.
With more than vulgar grief he ſtood oppreſt;
Words, mixt with ſighs, thus burſting from his breaſt.
Ye ſons of Greece! partake your leader's care,
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too juſtly we complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain;
A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and enrich'd with ſpoils:
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.

So Jove decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And towers and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.

He ſaid; deep ſilence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! till Tydeus' warlike ſon
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

When kings adviſe us to renounce our fame,
Firſt let him ſpeak, who firſt has ſuffer'd ſhame.
If I oppoſe thee, prince, thy wrath withhold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might:
Not from a friend the unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.
The gods, O chief! from whom our honours ſpring,
The gods have made thee but by halves a king;
They gave thee ſceptres and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land,
The nobleſt power that might the world controul
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a general's voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to every Grecian breaſt?
Confiding in our want of worth, he ſtands,
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.

Go thou inglorious! from the embattell'd plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main,
A nobler care the Grecians ſhall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece ſhall ſtay; or if all Greece retire,
Myſelf will ſtay, till Troy or I expire;
Myſelf, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds Tydides' praiſe.
Wiſe Neſtor then his reverend figure rear'd;
He ſpoke: the hoſt in ſtill attention heard.

O truly great! in whom the gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excell,
Still firſt to act what you adviſe ſo well.
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy wiſdom moves,
Applauding Greece with common voice approves.
Kings thou canſt blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame even kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.
And yet thoſe years that ſince thy birth have run,
Would hardly ſtyle thee Neſtor's youngeſt ſon.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfiniſh'd in that generous mind;
Age bids me ſpeak; nor ſhall the advice I bring
Diſtaſte the people, or offend the king.

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war:

Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!
This night, refreſh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy ſway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
For happy councils flow from ſober feaſts.
Wiſe, weighty councils aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a monarch as can chuſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires;
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
What eye beholds them, and can cloſe to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy muſt flame, or Greece muſt fall.
Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage: the reſt obey;
Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The generous Thraſymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Aſcalaphus, Ialmen, ſtood,
The double offspring of the warrior-god.
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Merion join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold chief a hundred ſpears commands.
The fires they light, to ſhort repaſts they fall,
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The king of men, on public councils bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
Each ſeiz'd a portion of the kingly feaſt,
But ſtaid his hand when thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
Then Neſtor ſpoke, for wiſdom long approv'd,
And ſlowly riſing, thus the council mov'd.
Monarch of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway,
Aſſembled ſtates, and lords of earth obey,
The laws and ſceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and heaven.
O king! the counſels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee muſt end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to ſpeak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To ſee no wholeſome motion be withſtood,
And ratify the beſt for public good.
Nor tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wiſdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haſte,
At once my preſent judgment, and my paſt;
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I firſt oppos'd, and faithful, durſt diſſuade;
But bold of ſoul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and gods admir'd:
Now ſeek ſome means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the king. With juſtice haſt thou ſhown
A prince's faults, and I with reaſon own.
That happy man whom Jove ſtill honours moſt,
Is more than armies, and himſelf an hoſt,

Bleſt in his love, this wondrous hero ſtands;
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry gods aſſuage.
If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witneſs what I vow.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Seven ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed;)
Seven lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The fame I choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath the hero's arms.
All theſe, to buy his friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeïs I reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were never mine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltleſs of my loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be his; and if the powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile towers,
Then ſhall he ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs his loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love ſhall crown his warm embrace;

Such as himſelf will chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argo's fruitful ſhore,
There ſhall he live, my ſon, our honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chryſothemis with golden hair;
Her let him chuſe, whom moſt his eyes approve,
I aſk no preſents, no reward for love:
Myſelf will give the dower; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities ſhall confeſs his ſway,
Him Enope, and Pherae him obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the ſoil;
There ſhall he reign with power and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give his vengeance to controul,
And ſure all this may move his mighty ſoul.
Pluto, the grizly god, who never ſpares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,

Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes;
And mortals hate him, as the worſt of gods.
Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my ſway.
The monarch thus: the reverend Neſtor then:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And ſuch as fits a generous king to make.
Let choſen delegates this hour be ſent,
(Myſelf will name them) to Pelides' tent:
Let Phoenix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the ſage,
Yet more to ſanctify the word you ſend,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep ſilence, and with pureſt hands.
He ſaid, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleanſing water from the living ſpring.
The youth with wine the ſacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the ſands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirſt allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wiſe Neſtor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids to offend, inſtructs them to apply:
Much he advis'd them all, Ulyſſes moſt,
To deprecate the chief, and ſave the hoſt.
Thro' the ſtill night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the ſounding ſhore.
To Neptune, ruler of the ſeas profound,
Whoſe liquid arms the mighty globe ſurround,

They pour forth vows, their embaſſy to bleſs,
And calm the rage of ſtern Æacides.
And now arriv'd, where, on the ſandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and veſſels lay;
Amus'd at eaſe, the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.
(The well wrought harp from conquer'd Thebae came,
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame;)
With this he ſoothes his angry ſoul, and ſings
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain:
Full oppoſite he ſat, and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the Grecian embaſſy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulyſſes leads.
Achilles ſtarting, as the chiefs he ſpy'd,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurpriſe aroſe Menoetius' ſon:
Pelides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun.
Princes all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, tho' Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every ſoul.
Of all the warriors yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.

He ſaid; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines entire:
The brazen vaſe Automedon ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of porket, ſheep and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts transfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is brighten'd with the riſing blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length ſubſide,
He ſtrows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the ſmoaking fragments turns,
And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;
With bread the glittering caniſters they load,
Which round the board Menoetius' ſon beſtow'd;
Himſelf, oppos'd to Ulyſſes full in ſight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The firſt fat offerings, to the immortals due,
Amidſt the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the ſocial feaſt,
His thirſt and hunger ſoberly repreſt.
That done, to Phoenix Ajax gave the ſign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulyſſes crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and inſtant thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the godlike man.

Health to Achilles! happy are thy gueſts!
Not thoſe more honour'd whom Atrides feaſts:
Tho' generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares ſit heavy on our ſouls,
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.

What ſcenes of ſlaughter in yon' fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful ſtands,
And owns no help but from thy ſaving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call;
Their threatening tents already ſhade our wall:
Hear how with ſhouts their conqueſt they proclaim,
And point at every ſhip their vengeful flame!
For them the father of the gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector riſe!
See! heaven and earth the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breaſt, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame
The ſhips, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heavens! how my country's woes diſtract my mind,
Leſt fate accompliſh all his rage deſign'd.
And muſt we, gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan duſt, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! oh return, tho' late,
To ſafe thy Greeks, and ſtop the courſe of fate:
If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
Riſe to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, riſe!
The day may come, when all our warriors ſlain,
That heart ſhall melt, that courage riſe in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting ſon, theſe accents were his laſt.
My child! with ſtrength, with glory and ſucceſs,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bleſs!

Truſt that to heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy paſſions, and ſubdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And ſhun contention, the ſure ſource of woe;
That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine.—
This, now deſpis'd advice, thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares:
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd preſents, an exhauſtleſs ſtore.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Seven ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed)
Seven lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame he choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath thy conquering arms.
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeïs he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.

Theſe inſtant ſhall be thine; and if the powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile towers,
Then ſhalt thou ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyſelf ſhall chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chryſothemis with golden hair;
Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes approve;
He aſks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dower; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee Enope, and Pherae thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the ſoil.

There ſhalt thou reign with power and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant king.
But if all this relentleſs thou diſdain,
If honour, and if intereſt plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy ſuffering country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud Hector, now, the unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.

Then thus the goddeſs-born. Ulyſſes, hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpoſe I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in ſhort my fixt reſolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks can bend;
Long toils, long perils in their cauſe I bore,
But now the unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
Alike regretted in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
And with the untaſted food ſupplies her care:
For thankleſs Greece ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants by my labours ſav'd;
Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.
I ſack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay ſmoking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my ſoldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too to every prince was paid;
And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only muſt refund, of all his train;
See what pre-eminence our merits gain!
My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights;
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to theſe ſhores the aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cauſe?
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but thoſe of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve,
Sure every wiſe and worthy man will love.

Nor did my fair one leſs diſtinction claim;
Slave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love all proffers I diſdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I truſt not kings again.
Ye have my anſwer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulyſſes, may conſult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make:
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe (the wonders he has done)
Repell the rage of Priam's ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by fate.
But now thoſe ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the favouring gods implore,
Then ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Helleſpont reſound.
The third day hence ſhall Phthia greet our ſails,
If mighty Neptune ſend propitious gales;
Phthia to her Achilles' ſhall reſtore
The wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
Thither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
The ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all the reſt of my unraviſh'd prey.
One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
And that reſum'd; the fair Lyrneſſian ſlave.

Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to ſcorn the wretch they baſely fear;
(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his ſlaves;
Tho' ſhameleſs as he is, to face theſe eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies;)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor ſhare his council, nor his battle join:
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No—let the ſtupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of ſenſe and juſtice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of ſuch a kind
Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.
Not tho' he proffer'd all himſelf poſſeſt,
And all his rapine could from others wreſt;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great empreſs on the Ægyptian plain,
(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,
Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars)
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than duſt in fields, or ſands along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call;
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never ſhall be led
(An ill-match'd conſort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus, tho' ſhe charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art,

Some greater Greek let thoſe high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If heaven reſtore me to my realms with life,
The reverend Peleus ſhall elect my wife;
Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away,
Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:
But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My fates long ſince by Thetis were diſclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;
Here, if I ſtay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown:
If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond miſtake:
And warn the Greeks the wiſer choice to make:
To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm diſplay'd, aſſerts her from the ſkies;
Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.

Go then, to Greece report our fix'd deſign;
Bid all your counſels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will;
Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd ſtill.
Go then—digeſt my meſſage as ye may—
But here this night let reverend Phoenix ſtay:
His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.
But whether he remain, or ſail with me,
His age be ſacred, and his will be free.

The ſon of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,
Attend the ſtern reply. Then Phoenix roſe;
(Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
And while the fate of ſuffering Greece he mourn'd,
With accent weak theſe tender words return'd.

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire!
If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
How ſhall thy friend, thy Phoenix, ſtay behind?
The royal Peleus, when from Phthia's coaſt
He ſent thee early to the Achaian hoſt;
Thy youth as then in ſage debates unſkill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To ſhine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy ſide!
No time ſhall part us, and no fate divide.

Not tho' the god, that breath'd my life, reſtore
The bloom I boaſted, and the port I bore,
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames.)
My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a ſtranger's charms.
I try'd what youth could do (at her deſire)
To win the damſel, and prevent my ſire.
My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthleſs Proſerpine, confirm'd his vow.
Deſpair and grief diſtract my labouring mind;
Gods! what a crime my impious heart deſign'd?
I thought (but ſome kind god that thought ſuppreſt)
To plunge the poinard in my father's breaſt:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With prayers intreat me, and with force detain;
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny ſwine,
They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unſeen of all;
And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence thro' ſpacious Greece extend;
In Phthia's court at laſt my labours end.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
The ſtrong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.

By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
Still in my arms, (an ever-pleaſing load)
Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'ſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, reſign'd;
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
The gods (the only great, and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and ſacrifice;
Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
And daily prayers atone for daily ſins.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celeſtial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
Conſtant they follow, where Injuſtice flies:
Injuſtice ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While Prayers to heal her wrongs, move ſlow behind.
Who hears theſe daughters of almighty Jove,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
The ſire revenges for the daughters ſake;

From Jove commiſſion'd, fierce Injuſtice then
Deſcends, to puniſh unrelenting men.
Oh let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of Jove belong;
Due honours calm the fierce and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty king,
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.
But ſince what honour aſks, the general ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the Grecian train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!
Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praiſe,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where Calydon on rocky mountains ſtands,
Once fought the Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it thoſe, to conquer, theſe advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The ſilver Cynthia bade Contention riſe,
In vengeance of neglected ſacrifice;
On Oeneus' fields ſhe ſent a monſtrous boar,
That levell'd harveſts, and whole foreſts tore:
This beaſt, (when many a chief his tuſks had ſlain)
Great Meleager ſtretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his ſpoils, a new debate aroſe,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.

Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breaſt,
(For rage invades the wiſeſt and the beſt.)
Curs'd by Althaea, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
'(She from Marpeſſa ſprung, divinely fair,
'And matchleſs Idas more than man in war:
'The god of day ador'd the mother's charms;
'Againſt the god the father bent his arms:
'The afflicted pair, their ſorrows to proclaim,
'From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
'And call'd Alcyone; a name to ſhow
'The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.')
To her the chief retir'd from ſtern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althaea's hate;
Althaea's hate the unhappy warrior drew,
Whoſe luckleſs hand his royal uncle ſlew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She ſent ambaſſadors, a choſen band,
Prieſts of the gods, and elders of the land;
Beſought the chief to ſave the ſinking ſtate:
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richeſt ground,
Half paſture green, and half with vineyards crown'd)

His ſuppliant father, aged Oeneus, came;
His ſiſters follow'd; even the vengeful dame,
Althaea ſues; his friends before him fall:
He ſtands relentleſs, and rejects them all:
Meanwhile the victor's ſhouts aſcend the ſkies;
The walls are ſcal'd; the rolling flames ariſe;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries and ſupplicating tears;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd:
The warrior heard, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd.
The Ætolians, long diſdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes, to curb pernicious ire,
Nor ſtay, till yonder fleets aſcend in fire:
Accept the preſents; draw thy conquering ſword;
And be amongſt our guardian gods ador'd.
Thus he: the ſtern Achilles thus reply'd.
My ſecond father, and my reverend guide:
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gifts demands,
And aſks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my deſigns;
His pleaſure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I ſtay, (if ſuch his high beheſt)
While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more moleſt me on Atrides' part:
Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow,
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?

A generous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our intereſts, and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a generous part,
And ſhare my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let theſe return: our voyage, or our ſtay,
Reſt undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd; then order'd for the ſage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets ſpread.
With that, ſtern Ajax his long ſilence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulyſſes ſpoke.

Hence let us go—why waſte we time in vain?
See what effect our low ſubmiſſions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we muſt relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron heart retains
His ſtubborn purpoſe, and his friends diſdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement we remit the deed;
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murderer lives:
The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gifts can conquer every ſoul but thine.
The gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms:
Lo, ſeven are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;

And know the men, of all the Grecian hoſt,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour moſt.
O ſoul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the firſt of Greeks reply'd)
Well haſt thou ſpoke, but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame:
'Tis juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
Return then, heroes! and our anſwer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till amidſt yon' ſinking navy ſlain,
The blood of Greeks ſhall dye the ſable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Conſume your veſſels, and approach my own;
Juſt there, the impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
There ceaſe his battle, and there feel our hand.
This ſaid, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And caſt a large libation on the ground;
Then to their veſſels, thro' the gloomy ſhades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulyſſes leads.
Meantime Achilles' ſlaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread;
There, till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
In ſlumbers ſweet the reverend Phoenix lay.
But in his inner tent an ampler ſpace,
Achilles ſlept; and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomede of the Leſbian race.
Laſt, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whoſe nightly joys the beauteous Iphis ſhar'd:
Achilles to his friend conſign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.

And now the elected chiefs, whom Greece had ſent,
Paſs'd thro' the hoſts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then riſing all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers, and leaders of the Achaian bands,
Hail'd their return: Atrides firſt begun.

Say what ſucceſs? divine Laertes' ſon!
Achilles' high reſolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?

Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
To ſave our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes ſhall view, when morning paints the ſky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly;
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy;
For Jove o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
Theſe ſacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to tranſport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is ſacred, and his choice is free.

Ulyſſes ceas'd: the great Achaian hoſt
With ſorrow ſeiz'd, in conſternation loſt,
Attend the ſtern reply. Tydides broke
The general ſilence, and undaunted ſpoke.

Why ſhould we gifts to proud Achilles ſend?
Or ſtrive with pray'rs his haughty ſoul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And pray'rs will burſt that ſwelling heart with pride.
Be the firſt impulſe of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him, or deſert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madneſs, or to heav'n commit.
What for ourſelves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repaſt refreſh our pow'rs;
(For ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and in blood,
And thoſe are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food;)
But when the roſy meſſenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ſhips, let all our ſquadrons ſhine,
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides ſtand,
The firſt in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the liſt'ning heroes raiſe,
Then each to heav'n the due libation pays;
Till ſleep deſcending o'er the tents, beſtows
The grateful bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The night-adventure of Diomed and Ulyſſes.

UPON the refuſal of Achilles to return to the army, the diſtreſs of Agamemnon is deſcribed in the moſt lively manner. He takes no reſt that night, but paſſes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all poſſible methods for the public ſafety. Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes and Diomed, are employed in raiſing the reſt of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to ſend ſcouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their poſture, and diſcover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous entenprize, and makes choice of Ulyſſes for his companion. In their paſſage they ſurpriſe Dolon, whom Hector had ſent on a like deſign to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the ſituation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particulary of Rheſus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill Rheſus, with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The ſame night continues; the *ſcene* lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their veſſels lay.
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:
All but the king; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His country's cares lay rowling in his breaſt.
As when by lightnings Jove's aetherial pow'r
Foretels the rattling hail, or weighty ſhow'r
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flaſh ſucceeds as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.
So burſting frequent from Atrides' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the paſſing wind their muſic blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs, in ſacrifice to Jove,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans, while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
And thouſand cares his lab'ring breaſt revolves;
To ſeek ſage Neſtor now the chief reſolves,
With him in wholeſome counſels to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.
He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;

A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.
Meanwhile his brother, preſt with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,
Laments for Greece; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd Atrides he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the ſpartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on!
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon' camp, and watch the Trojan pow'rs?
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that taſk?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk,
Guidleſs, alone, thro' night's dark ſhade to go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe?
To whom the king. In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art,
For Jove averſe our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to Hector's ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such won'drous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun?

What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no god, and of no goddeſs born;
Yet ſuch his acts, as Greeks unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battle where their fathers fell.

Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourſelf to hoary Neſtor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
(For Neſtor's influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon with Merion, o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the Spartan: Theſe thy orders born,
Say ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay, (the king of men reply'd)
Elſe may we miſs to meet, without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.
Still, with your voice, the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
Urge by their father's fame, their future praiſe.
Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below:
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

This ſaid, each parted to his ſev'ral cares;
The king to Neſtor's ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears:
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age,
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch raiſ'd his eyes, and ſaid.

What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep, thus range the camp alone;
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel;
Stand off, approach not, but thy promiſe tell.
O ſon of Neleus, (thus the king rejoin'd)
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands,
Th' unhappy gen'ral of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If ought of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
Elſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.
To him thus Neſtor. Truſt the pow'rs above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wiſe counſels of th' eternal mind?
Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain
That great Achilles riſe and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain?

Lo faithful Neſtor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raiſe:
Ulyſſes, Diomed we chiefly need;
Meges for ſtrength, Oileus fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd, of nimbler feet.
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouſe the Spartan I myſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet muſt I taſk his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in his martial care:
Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to ſue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the king: With rev'rence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, but learn to ſpare them now.
My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;
Thro' too much def'rence to our ſov'reign ſway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long ere the reſt, he roſe, and ſought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call.
Prepare to meet us at the navy-wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night guards, our choſen council waits.

Then none (ſaid Neſtor) ſhall this rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.

With that, the ven'rable warrior roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;

His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd thro' the ſleeping croud,
Stopt at Ulyſſes' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright
Thus leads you wand'ring in the ſilent night?
O prudent chief! the Pylian ſage reply'd)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd:
Whatever means of ſafety can be fought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight!
All, all depend on this important night.
He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All ſheath'd in arms, his brave companions round;
Each ſunk in ſleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his boſſy ſhield.
A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that fix'd upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quiv'ring light.
A hull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then with his foot old Neſtor gently ſhakes
The ſlumb'ring chief, and in theſe words awakes.
Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.

But ſleep'ſt thou now? when from yon hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls below?
At this ſoft ſlumbers from his eye-lids fled;
The warrior ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid,
Wond'rous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe.
Let younger Greeks our ſleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age theſe toils to undertake.
My friend, (he anſwer'd) gen'rous is thy care,
Theſe toils, my ſubjects and my ſons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire,
To eaſe a ſov'reign, and relieve a ſire.
But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle Greek, in this concluſive ſtrife,
Stands on the ſharpeſt age of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouſe the reſt;
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his country beſt.
This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ancles hung;
Then ſeiz'd his pond'rous lance, and ſtrode along.
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for ſpeed,
The warrior rous'd, and to the intrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their liſt'ning leaders keep,
And couching cloſe, repel invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;

When the gaunt lioneſs with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Thro' breaking woods her ruſtling courſe they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear
Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry ſide, and turn to ev'ry ſound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of ſurprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each ſtep of paſſing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hoſtile Troy was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accoſted thro' the gloomy ſhade.
'Tis well, my ſons! your nightly cares employ,
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece ſhall live—The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His ſon, and godlike Merion march'd behind,
(For theſe the princes to their council join'd
The trenches paſs'd, th' aſſembled kings around
In ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where Hector ſtopp'd his rage before,
When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand,
Repriev'd the relicts of the Grecian band:
(The plain beſide with mangled corps was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There ſat the mournful kings: when Neleus' ſon
The council opening, in theſe words begun.
Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?

Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?
Or favour'd by the night approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns to hear?
If to beſiege nor navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more muſt be the ſeat of war!
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his thro' all ſucceeding days;
While Phoebus ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe!
What gifts his grateful country would beſtow?
What muſt not Greece to her deliv'rer owe?
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;
At ev'ry rite his ſhare ſhould be increas'd,
And his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.

Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides ſpoke—The man you ſeek, is here.
Thro' yon black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
Some god within commands, and I obey.
But let ſome other choſen warrior join,
To raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great diſcov'ries made;
The wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
Each gen'rous breaſt with emulation glows:
So brave a taſk each Ajax ſtrove to ſhare,
Bold Merion ſtrove, and Neſtor's valiant heir;

The Spartan wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
And great Ulyſſes wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the conteſt ends:
Thou firſt of warriors, and thou beſt of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterpriſe, is only thine.
Juſt be thy choice, without affection made,
To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid:
Let worth determine here. The monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.

Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulſe of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great Ulyſſes ſtands
To lend his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
A chief, whoſe ſafety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, ſo dreadful, in the works of war:
Bleſt in his conduct, I no aid require,
Wiſdom like his might paſs thro' flames of fire.

It fits thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the ſage) to praiſe me or to blame;
Praiſe from a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
Are loſt on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haſte.—Night rolls the hours away,
The reddening orient ſhews the coming day,
The ſtars ſhine fainter on the ethereal plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having ſpoke, with generous ardour preſt,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dreſt.
A two edg'd faulchion, Thraſymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:

Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn;
No ſpoils enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn.)
Next him Ulyſſes took a ſhining ſword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:
A well-prov'd caſque with leather braces bound
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd;
Soft wool within; without, in order ſpread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' ſon,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
The helmet next by Merion was poſſeſs'd,
And now Ulyſſes' thoughtful temples preſs'd.
Thus ſheath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
And dark thro' paths oblique their progreſs take.
Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva ſent:
This, tho' ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
By the ſhrill clang and whiſtling wings, they knew,
As from the right ſhe ſoar'd, Ulyſſes pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the maid.

O daughter of that god, whoſe arm can wield
The avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
Who, all my motions, all my toils ſurvey!
Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;

And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.
Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his prayer:
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great queen of arms, whoſe favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'ſt the ſire, defend the ſon.
When on Æſopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and ſought the Theban towers,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful ſhow,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy ſhield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be preſent, oh celeſtial maid!
So ſtill continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful ſteer ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with ſpreading horns,
Whoſe taper tops refulgent gold adorns.
The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the ſkies,
Accords their vow, ſucceeds their enterpriſe.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of the enſanguin'd plain,
Thro' duſt, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of ſlain.
Nor leſs bold Hector, and the ſons of Troy,
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ;
The aſſembled peers their lofty chief enclos'd;
Who thus the counſels of his breaſt propos'd.
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?

Of yonder fleet a bold diſcovery make,
What watch they keep, and what reſolves they take
If now ſubdu'd they meditate their flight,
And ſpent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that ſhall pleaſe him moſt,
Of all the plunder of the vanquiſh'd hoſt;
His the fair ſteeds that all the reſt excell,
And his the glory to have ſerv'd ſo well.

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.
(Five girls beſide the reverend herald told)
Rich was the ſon in braſs, and rich in gold;
Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face,
But ſwift of foot, and matchleſs in the race.
Hector! (he ſaid) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
But firſt exalt thy ſceptre to the ſkies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;
The immortal courſers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfill thy wiſh, their whole intention know,
Even to the royal tent purſue my way,
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden ſceptre high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky,
Be witneſs thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aërial hall:
By none but Dolon ſhall this prize be born,
And him alone the immortal ſteeds adorn.

Thus Hector ſwore: the gods were call'd in vain,
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain:
Acroſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's gray hide around his ſhoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed javelin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he ſought the ſhore,
And trod the paths his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and Trojan throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, the approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to Diomed.
O friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſtening to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain,
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,
Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.
With that they ſtep'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head,
(As Dolon paſs'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew;
Soft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
So diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green,
(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows)
When now few furrows part the approaching plows.

Now Dolon liſtening heard them as they paſt;
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte
'Till ſcarce at diſtance of a javelin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two ſkilfull hounds the leveret wind,
Or chaſe thro' woods obſcure the trembling hind;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears the Trojan flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold Greeks purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides ſtopp'd; a generous thought
(Inſpir'd by Pallas) in his boſom wrought,
Leſt on the foe ſome forward Greek advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
This javelin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilfull err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood prop'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood:
A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
His looſe teeth ſhatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow:
Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom Ulyſſes made this wiſe reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led,
Thro' heaps of carnage, to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still, as he ſpoke, his limbs with horror ſhook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take:
If now ſubdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(Ulyſſes, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies)
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Even great Achilles ſcarce their rage can tame,
Achilles ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?
Where ſtand his courſers? in what quarter ſleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep?
Say, ſince this conqueſt, what their counſels are?
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war?

Ulyſſes thus, and thus Eumedes' ſon:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own.
Hector, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where-e'er yon' fires aſcend, the Trojans wake;
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, the auxiliar forces ſleep,
Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far,
Diſcharge their ſouls of half the fears of war.
Then ſleep thoſe aids among the Trojan train,
(Inquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their powers they thus diſpoſe:
The Paeons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelaſgian hoſt,
And Leleges encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land,
The Lycian, Myſian, and Moeonian band,
And Phrygia's horſe, by Thymbras' ancient wall;
The Thracians utmoſt, and apart from all.
Theſe Troy but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by Rheſus, great Eioneus' ſon:
I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial panoply, to grace a god!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,

In cruel chains; 'till your return reveal
The truth or falſhood of the news I tell.
To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be ſhown:
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore?
No—once a traitor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,
Like lightning ſwift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's gray hide, the unbended bow and ſpear;
Theſe great Ulyſſes lifting to the ſkies,
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize.
Great queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the Thracian ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heavenly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a ſpreading tamariſk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.
Thro' the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields,
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields,
Arriving where the Thracian ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day,

Rang'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
The horſes yok'd beſide each warrior ſtand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown ſhade the fulgid weapons ſhin'd;
Amidſt lay Rheſus, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
And the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome ſight Ulyſſes firſt deſcries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the courſers, and the car behold!
Deſcrib'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the ſteeds unty;
Or if thy ſoul aſpire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.
Pallas (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and ſtrung his nervous arms;
Where'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſu'd;
His thirſty faulchion, fat with hoſtile blood,
Bath'd all his footſteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the ſhore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.
Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
'Till twelve lay breathleſs of the Thracian band.
Ulyſſes following, as his partner ſlew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the ſhips, he wiſely clear'd the way;

Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Juſt then a deathful dream Minerva ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on Rheſus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
Doubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
To ſend more heroes to the infernal ſhade,
Drag off the car where Rheſus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unreſolv'd the ſon of Tydeus ſtands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.
Enough, my ſon, from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
Regard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;
Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile gods of Troy.
The voice divine confeſs'd the martial maid;
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before Ulyſſes' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow.
Not unobſerv'd they paſs'd: the god of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,

Saw Tydeus' ſon with heavenly ſuccour bleſt,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
Swift to the Trojan camp deſcends the power,
And wakes Hippocoon in the morning hour,
(On Rheſus' ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend.)
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet warm Thracians panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his Rheſus moſt:
Now while on Rheſus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans ruſh, with wild affright,
And wondering view the ſlaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of Hector's ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder towards the fleet.

Old Neſtor firſt perceiv'd the approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the Grecian peers around.
Methinks the noiſe of trampling ſteeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;
Perhaps ſome horſes of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
The great Tydides and Ulyſſes bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train:

Perhaps, even now purſu'd, they ſeek the ſhore;
Or oh! perhaps thoſe heroes are no more.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And ſpring to earth; the Greeks diſmiſs their fear:
With words of friendſhip and extended hands
They greet the kings: and Neſtor firſt demands:
Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd,
The ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a god?
Not thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
Like theſe, conſpicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſt as ye are, and favourites of the ſkies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And her, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not ſo, (ſage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile king the brave Tydides ſlew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.
Theſe other ſpoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,
By Hector ſent our forces to explore,
He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim purſue.
Strait to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn:
The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.
But Dolon's armour, to his ſhips convey'd,
High on the painted ſtern Ulyſſes laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.

Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighbouring main;
Then in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toil,
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to Pallas the libations pour:
They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third battle, and the acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, untill the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, untill Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and

a long recital of ſome former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon perſuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at leaſt to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus alſo wounded, and aſſiſts him in that diſtreſs.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the ſame day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended thro' the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, ſixteenth, ſeventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The *ſcene* lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

THE ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heaven with ſacred light.
When baleful Iris, ſent by Jove's command,
The torch of diſcord blazing in her hand,
Thro' the red ſkies her bloody ſign extends,
And wrapt in tempeſts, o'er the fleet deſcends.
High on Ulyſſes' bark, her horrid ſtand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the ſeas and land.
Even Ajax and Achilles heard the ſound,
Whoſe ſhips, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
With horror ſounds the loud Orthian ſong:
The navy ſhakes, and at the dire alarms
Each boſom boils, each warrior ſtarts to arms.
No more they ſigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The king of men his hardy hoſt inſpires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himſelf firſt roſe, himſelf before the reſt
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dreſt.
And firſt he cas'd his manly legs around
In ſhining greaves, with ſilver buckles bound:
The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt,
The ſame which once king Cinyras poſſeſt:
(The fame of Greece and her aſſembled hoſt
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coaſt;
'Twas then the friendſhip of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he ſent, nor ſent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glittering dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whoſe imitated ſcales againſt the ſkies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a ſhowery cloud:
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celeſtial dyes,
Plac'd as a ſign to man amid the ſkies,)
A radiant baldric o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
Gold was the hilt, a ſilver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd,
That round the warrior caſt a dreadful ſhade;
Ten zones of braſs its ample brim ſurround,
And twice ten boſſes the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd the expreſſive ſhield:

Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along,
His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
'Till in three heads the embroider'd monſter ends.
Laſt o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two ſteely javelins wields,
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.
That inſtant Juno, and the martial maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they claſh'd their arms in air,
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Cloſe to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courſers to their chariots bound
The ſquires reſtrain'd: The foot, with thoſe who wield
The lighter arms, ruſh forward to the field.
To ſecond theſe, in cloſe array combin'd,
The ſquadrons ſpread their ſable wings behind.
Now ſhouts and tumults wake the tardy ſun,
As with the light the warriors toils begun.
Even Jove, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to ſurvey,
And all the ſlaughters that muſt ſtain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines poſſeſs'd the riſing ground,
There wiſe Polydamas and Hector ſtood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine;
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;

With youthful Acamas, whoſe beauteous face,
And fair proportion, match'd the ethereal race;
Great Hector, cover'd with his ſpacious ſhield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red ſtar now ſhows his ſanguine fires
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the godlike man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as lightning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harveſts at their feet.
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on every ſide.
None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguine eyes:
Diſcord alone, of all the immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on the Olympian hill;
But general murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, ſuperior, and alone,
The eternal monarch, on his awful throne,

Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſat;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-conſidering eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where Ilion's towers ariſe;
The ſea with ſhips, the fields with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

Thus while the morning beams increaſing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,
When his tir'd arms refuſe the ax to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſylvan war;
But not 'till half the proſtrate foreſts lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day;)
Then, not 'till then, the Greeks impulſive might
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Agamemnon then the ſlaughter led,
And ſlew Bienor at his people's head:
Whoſe ſquire Oileus, with a ſudden ſpring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;
But in his front he felt the fatal wound, [ground.
Which pierc'd his brain, and ſtretch'd him on the
Atrides ſpoil'd, and left them on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glittering armour vain:
Now ſoil'd with duſt, and naked to the ſky,
Their ſnowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two ſons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love;

In the ſame car the brother-warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide;
Far other taſk! than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops their father's fleecy ſheep.
Theſe on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant oſiers bound;
Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd:
But now to periſh by Atrides' ſword;
Pierc'd in the breaſt the baſe born Iſus bleeds:
Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.
Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recalls.
The Trojans ſee the youths untimely die,
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy lare, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grins the quivering fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift thro' ruſtling thickets burſts her way;
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe Antimachus were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted Helen's ſtay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for the father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;

Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call.

Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battle ſlain,
The Grecian ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.

Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſt to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply;
If from Antimachus ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed Ulyſſes and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace!
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This ſaid, Piſander from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And rolling, drew a bloody trail along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The king's example all his Greeks purſue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain,
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the ſkies.
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.

Still ſlaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The diſtanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conſpire,
And o'er the foreſts roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all.
Before Atrides' rage ſo ſinks the foe,
Whole ſquadrons vaniſh, and proud heads lie low.
The ſteeds fly trembling from his waving ſword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideleſs fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and cruſhing out their ſouls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and deſtiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of heaven he ſtood,
Amidſt alarms, and death, and duſt, and blood.
Now paſt the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs the adjoining ſummit crown,
That path they take, and ſpeed to reach the town,
As ſwift Atrides with loud ſhouts purſu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scaean gates,
The hero halts, and his aſſociates waits.
Meanwhile on every ſide, around the plain,
Diſpers'd, diſorder'd, fly the Trojan train.
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear diſmay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the midnight ſhade;

On heaps they tumble with ſucceſsleſs haſte;
The ſavage ſeizes, draws, and rends the laſt:
Not with leſs fury ſtern Atrides flew,
Still preſt the rout, and ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew;
Hurl'd from their cars the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now ſtorms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove deſcending ſhook the Idaean hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:
The unkindled lightning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid beſpoke.
Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To godlike Hector this our word convey.
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands:
But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
That chief ſhould mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſs'd,
'Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
He ſpoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds deſcends the various maid.
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war,
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.
The goddeſs then: O ſon of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.

While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abſtain from fight: yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſs'd,
'Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They ſtand to arms; the Greeks their onſet dare,
Condenſe their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit to each breaſt returns:
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die.
Ye ſacred nine, celeſtial muſes! tell,
Who fac'd him firſt, and by his proweſs fell?
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young:
From ſage Antenor and Theano ſprung;
Whom from his youth his grandſire Ciſſeus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace where ſnowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his roſy cheeks inveſt,
And early honour warm his generous breaſt,

When the kind ſire conſign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's ſiſter) to his youthful arms.
But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untaſted the firſt fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And ſwift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ſhips he reach'd Percope's ſtrand,
Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he ſprings,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides firſt diſcharg'd the miſſive ſpear;
The Trojan ſtoop'd, the javelin paſs'd in air.
Then near the corſlet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his ſtrength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of ſilver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Incumber'd with the dart, Atrides ſtands,
'Till graſp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands,
At once his weighty ſword diſcharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the duſt the unhappy warrior lies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals his ſwimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early ſlain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous tho' in vain!
No more the youth ſhall join his conſort's ſide,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with preſents her embraces meet,
Or lay the ſpoils of conqueſt at her feet,
On whom his paſſion, laviſh of his ſtore,
Beſtow'd ſo much, and vainly promis'd more!

Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldeſt hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye, [view'd,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow ſtrook.
The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corps the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe,
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away;
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon, art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword or pondrous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce Ilythiae ſend;

(The powers that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts his car, and gives his ſquire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.
O friends! O Greeks! aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.
He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horſes fly, the chariot ſmokes along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.
No ſooner Hector ſaw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd;
Hear all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own.
Behold, the general flies! deſerts his powers!
Lo Jove himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon' ranks impell your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.
With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and every boſom warms.
As the bold hunter chears his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear,

With voice and hand provokes the doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremoſt with his lifted dart:
So god-like Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours,
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with ſhowers,
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say, muſe! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Aſſaeus, Dolops, and Autonus dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide,
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, ſunk to endleſs night,
Æſymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charg'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;
The guſt continu'd, violent, and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the ſkies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge, and wide the bottom bares.
Thus raging Hector, with reſiſtleſs hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wiſe Ulyſſes call'd Tydides forth,
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ſhips in flame?

Haſte, let us join, and combat ſide by ſide.
The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd.
No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conqueſt crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.
He ſigh'd; but ſighing, rais'd his vengeful ſteel,
And from his car the proud Thymbraeus fell:
Molion, the charioteer, purſu'd his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſword.
There ſlain, they left them in eternal night;
Then plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight.
So two wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
Then ſwift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conqueſts in the middle plain
Stood check'd a while, and Greece reſpir'd again.
The ſons of Merops ſhone amidſt the war;
Towering they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father ſkill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They ruſh'd to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
Their breaſts no more the vital ſpirit warms;
The ſtern Tydides ſtrips their ſhining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulyſſes dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.
Great Jove from Ide with ſlaughter fills his ſight,
And level hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agaſtrophus was ſlain,
The far-fam'd hero of Paeonian ſtrain;

Wing'd with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
His ſteeds too diſtant, and the foe too nigh;
Thro' broken orders, ſwifter than the wind,
He fled, but flying left his life behind.
This Hector ſees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverſe the files, and to the reſcue flies;
Shouts, as he paſt, the cryſtal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great Diomed himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.

Mark how this way yon' bending ſquadrons yield!
The ſtorm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here ſtand his utmoſt force—The warrior ſaid;
Swift at the word his pondrous javelin fled;
Nor miſs'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the ſmooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phoebus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero ſtands;
But yet ſo ſtunn'd, that ſtaggering on the plain,
His arm and knee his ſinking bulk ſuſtain;
O'er his dim ſight the miſty vapours riſe,
And a ſhort darkneſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector roſe, recover'd from the trance,
Remounts the car, and herds amidſt the crowd;
The Greek purſues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phoebus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.

Thou ſhalt not long the death deſerv'd withſtand,
If any god aſſiſt Tydides' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,
(The ſpouſe of Helen, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at the unwary foe;
Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt
To ſeize, and drew the corſlet from his breaſt.
The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful ſpring
Leaps from his ambuſh, and inſults the king.

He bleeds! (he cries) ſome god has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame god had fix'd it in his heart!
So Troy reliev'd from that wide-waſting hand,
Shall breathe from ſlaughter and in combat ſtand,
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lion fear.

He dauntleſs thus: Thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unſkill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.

Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the ſteel,
Where this but lights, ſome noble life expires,
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of ſires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves ſuch objects, as diſtract the fair.
Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang ſucceeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.
Now on the field Ulyſſes ſtands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:
But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul.
What farther ſubterfuge! what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful; let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;
Theſe, in the warrior, their own fate encloſe:
And round him deep the ſteely circle grows.
So fares a boar whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhouting huntſmen, and of clamorous hounds;
He grinds his ivory tuſks; he foams with ire;
His ſanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;

By theſe, by thoſe, on every part is ply'd;
And the red ſlaughter ſpreads on every ſide.
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder, firſt Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus, and Thoon ſunk to hell;
Cherſidamas, beneath the navel thruſt,
Falls prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Charops, the ſon of Hippaſus, was near;
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wiſe:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.

O great Ulyſſes, much enduring man!
Not deeper ſkill'd in every martial ſlight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great Hippaſian race,
Or thou beneath this lance muſt preſs the field—
He ſaid, and forceful pierc'd his ſpacious ſhield:
Thro' the ſtrong braſs the ringing javelin thrown,
Plow'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the ſpear, tho' deep infix'd,
Stopp'd ſhort of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

The wound not mortal wiſe Ulyſſes knew,
Then furious thus, (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew.)
Unhappy man! whoſe death our hands ſhall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race.
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But pierc'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go,
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!

He ſpoke, while Socus ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,

Between his ſhoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage thro' the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the griſly wound;
He falls; his armour rings againſt the ground.
Then thus Ulyſſes gazing on the ſlain:
Fam'd ſon of Hippaſus! there preſs the plain;
There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by fate,
Heaven owes Ulyſſes yet a longer date.
Ah wretch! no father ſhall thy corpſe compoſe,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe,
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hovering vultures ſcream around their prey.
Me Greece ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn funerals and a laſting tomb.
Then raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſu'd,
And gladden'd Troy with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his loſty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide.
O friend! Ulyſſes' ſhouts invade my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſt deſpair,
And feel a loſs, not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great Ajax, like the god of war attends.
The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman, with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtills,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
'Till life's warm vapour iſſuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes thro' the woodland ſhade,
The wolves, though hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warrior, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as Ajax heaves his tower-like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And ſav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And firſt Doryclus, Priam's ſon, he ſlew,
On ſtrong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyſander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs thro' the plain,
And deep Scamander ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There Neſtor and Idomeneus oppoſe
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight,
The ſpouſe of Helen dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a diſtant wound:
In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her phyſician fear'd.
To Neſtor then Idomeneus begun;
Glory of Greece old Neleus' valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great Machaon to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
Old Neſtor mounts the ſeat: beſide him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing god.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are ſlain;
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!
I know him well, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the ſev'n-fold ſhield

Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy ſteeds;
There danger calls, and there the combate bleeds,
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.
Thus having ſpoke; the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the ſtroke, the courſers ſcour the fields
O'er heaps of carcaſes, and hills of ſhields.
The horſes hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
And daſhing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle ſable drops diſtils,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here Hector plunging thro' the thickeſt fight,
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
The ranks lie ſcatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he ſhuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm, whoſe force he felt ſo late.
But partial Jove, eſpouſing Hectors part,
Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart:
Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's preſence grown,
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back the moony ſhield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy ſteps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs, and ſhouting ſwains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhow'ring darts, and miſſile fires;
Then ſow'rly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.

So turn'd ſtern Ajax, by whole hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwol'n heart at every ſtroke rebell'd.
As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength indu'd,
In ſome wide field by troops of boys purſu'd,
Tho' round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his ſide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhow'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a jav'lin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts;
Whoſe eager jav'lin launch'd againſt the foe,
Great Apiſaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver, the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.
The victor ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow ſped.

Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon ſtood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his aſſociates fir'd.

What god, O Grecians! has your heart diſmay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he ſtands the mark of hoſtile rage,
And this the laſt brave battle he ſhall wage;
Haſte, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior reſcue, and your country ſave.

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,
Who ſpread their bucklers, and advance their ſpears.
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they ſtand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band;
Each takes new courage at the hero's ſight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Neſtor's chariot far from fight retires:
His courſers ſteep'd in ſweat, and ſtain'd with gore,
The Greeks preſerver, great Machaon bore.
That hour, Achilles, from the topmoſt height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feaſted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the ſlaying, and the ſlain.
His friend Machaon ſingled from the reſt,
A tranſient pity touch'd his vengeful breaſt.
Strait to Menoetius' much-lov'd ſon he ſent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent,
(In evil hour! then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!)

Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay,
Whate'er thy will, Patroclus ſhall obey.
O firſt of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my ſide!
The time is come, when yon' deſpairing hoſt
Shall learn the value of the man they loſt:
Now at my knees the Greeks ſhall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Neſtor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For ſeen at diſtance, and but ſeen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon' cloud, diſcern his face,
The courſers paſt me with ſo ſwift a pace.
The hero ſaid. His friend obey'd with haſte,
Thro' intermingled ſhips and tents he paſt;
The chiefs deſcending from their car he found;
The panting ſteeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors ſtanding on the breezy ſhore,
To dry their ſweat, and waſh away the gore,
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freſhneſs the cool ſeas exhale;
Then to conſult on farther methods went,
And took their ſeats beneath the ſhady tent.
The draught preſcrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arſinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal ſlave,
Greece, as the prize of Neſtor's wiſdom, gave)
A table firſt with azure feet ſhe plac'd;
Whoſe ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:

Honey new-preſs'd, the ſacred flour of wheat,
And wholeſome garlic crown'd the ſav'ry treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet ſacred to the Pylian kings,
From eldeſt times: emboſs'd with ſtuds of gold,
Two feet ſupport it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In ſculptur'd gold, two turtles ſeem to drink:
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him,
When the briſk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large potion of the Pramnian wine;
With goat's-milk cheeſe a flav'rous taſte beſtows
And laſt with flour the ſmiling ſurface ſtrows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Neſtor ſhares:
Salubrious draughts the warriors thirſt allay,
And pleaſing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime Patroclus by Achilles ſent,
Unheard approach'd, and ſtood before the tent.
Old Neſtor riſing then the hero led
To his high ſeat: the chief refus'd, and ſaid.

'Tis now no ſeaſon for theſe kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience ſtays.
To great Achilles this reſpect I owe;
Who aſks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was born from combate by thy foaming ſteeds?
With grief I ſee the great Machaon bleeds.
This to report, my haſty courſe I bend;
Thou know'ſt the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the ſons of Greece (the ſage rejoin'd)
Excite compaſſion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And ſtern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames conſume our fleet he ſtays,
And waits the riſing of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe deſtroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
Now the ſlow courſe of all impairing time
Unſtrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I ſtill that ſtrength my youth poſſeſs'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian pow'rs oppreſs'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And ſtretch'd the great Itymonaeus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling ſwains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrival'd ſteeds,
All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
Theſe, as my firſt eſſay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring ſon.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears reſtor'd,
And ſhares were parted to each Pylian lord.

The ſtate of Pyle was ſunk to laſt deſpair,
When the proud Elians firſt commenc'd the war.
For Neleus' ſons Alcides' rage had ſlain;
Of twelve bold brothers I alone remain!
Oppreſs'd, we arm'd; and now this conqueſt gain'd,
My ſire three hundred choſen ſheep obtain'd.
(That large repriſal he might juſtly claim,
For prize defrauded, and inſulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public courſe
Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horſe.)
The reſt the people ſhar'd; myſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were paſt, when Elis roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;
The ſons of Actor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful ſquadrons led.
High on a rock fair Thryoëſſa ſtands,
Our utmoſt frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the ſtreams of fam'd Alphaeus flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and ſwells with martial pride;
Myſelf the foremoſt, but my ſire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms;
And ſtop'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My ſire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: for the goddeſs led.
Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.

There, horſe and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And ſheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the ſun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
To great Alphaeus' ſacred ſource we came.
There firſt to Jove our ſolemn rites were paid;
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid,
A bull Alphaeus; and a bull was ſlain
To the blue monarch of the wat'ry main.
In arms we ſlept, beſide the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians ſtood.
Soon as the ſun, with all-revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;
Bright ſcenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
The firſt who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled;
King Augias' ſon, and ſpouſe of Agamede:
(She that all ſimples healing virtues knew,
And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I ſeiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
Th' Epeians ſaw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe diſpers'd, their braveſt warrior kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I ſwept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each, fell breathleſs to the plain.
Then Actor's ſons had dy'd, but Neptune ſhrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy ſhields, and o'er the proſtrate throng,
Collecting ſpoils, and ſlaught'ring all along,
Thro' wide Buprafian fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks aroſe;
'Till Pallas ſtop'd us where Aliſium flows.

Ev'n there the hindmoſt of the rear I ſtay,
And the ſame arm that led, concludes the day;
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
There to high Jove were public thanks aſſign'd,
As firſt of gods, to Neſtor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to paſſion what to Greece he owes.
How ſhall he grieve, when to th' eternal ſhade
Her hoſts ſhall ſink, nor his the pow'r to aid!
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When gathering aids along the Grecian ſea,
I, and Ulyſſes, touch'd at Phthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hoſpitable court.
A bull to Jove he ſlew in ſacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyſelf, Achilles, and thy rev'rend ſire
Menoetius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles ſees us, to the feaſt invites:
Social we ſit, and ſhare the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cauſe on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave:
Peleus ſaid only this—'My ſon! be brave.'
Menoetius thus: 'Though great Achilles ſhine
'In ſtrength ſuperior, and of race divine,
'Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
'Let thy juſt counſels aid, and rule thy friend.'
Thus ſpoke your father at Theſſalia's court;
Words now forgot, though now of vaſt import.

Ah! try the utmoſt that a friend can ſay,
Such gentle force the fierceſt minds obey;
Some fav'ring god Achilles' heart may move;
Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
If ought from heaven with-hold his ſaving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and deſiſt from war;
Preſs'd by freſh forces her o'er-labour'd train
Shall ſeek their wails, and Greece reſpire again.
This touch'd his gen'rous heart and from the tent
Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded ſtrand,
The public mart and court of juſtice ſtand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulyſſes lies,
And altars to the guardian gods ariſe;
There ſad he met the brave Evaemon's ſon,
Large painful drops from all his members run,
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The ſable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As faintly reeling he confeſs'd the ſmart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntleſs was his heart.
Divine compaſſion touch'd Patroclus' breaſt,
Who ſighing, thus his bleeding friend addreſt.
Ah hapleſs leaders of the Grecian hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barb'rous coaſt?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native ſhore?

Say, great Eurypylus! ſhall Greece yet ſtand?
Reſiſts ſhe yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?

Eurypylus replies: No more (my friend)
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ſhips victorious Troy purſues,
Her force encreaſing as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay,
Such as ſage Chiron, ſire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd ſurgeons, Podalirius ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft he lent.

To him the chief. What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the Pylian king's reply:
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd!
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.

Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptic juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

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BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battle at the Grecian wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch, Polydamas adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counſel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault. But upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector oppoſes and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the firſt breach in the wall: Hector alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriouſly purſue the Grecians even to their ſhips.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and ſafety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with claſhing ſhields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim ſlain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk in vain.
Without the gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This ſtood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While ſacred Troy the warring hoſts engag'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo ſhook the ſhore,
Then Ida's ſummits pour'd their wat'ry ſtore;
Rheſus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Careſus roaring down the ſtony hills,
Æſepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful ſource:
And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and ſhields, and god-like heroes ſlain:
Theſe turn'd by Phoebus from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters ſap the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.
Inceſſant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
And half the ſkies deſcend in ſluicy ſhow'rs,
The god of ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoaky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;

In their old bounds the rivers roll again
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm;
The ſtrokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs; [tow'rs.
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
And Hector's fury ev'ry moment fear.
He like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midſt the dogs and hunters daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hiſſing jav'lins rain an iron ſtorm:
His pow'rs untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
And where he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds againſt them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompaſs'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches ſhows.
The panting ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
But ſnort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
Juſt on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the ſkies reſound.
Eager they view'd the proſpect dark and deep,
Vaſt was the leap, and headlong hung the ſteep:
The bottom bare (a formidable ſhow!)
And briſtled thick with ſharpen'd ſtakes below.

The foot alone this ſtrong defence could force,
And try the paſs impervious to the horſe.
This ſaw Polydamas; who wiſely brave,
Reſtrain'd great Hector, and this counſel gave.
O thou! bold leader of our Trojan bands
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands;
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The ſtakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No paſs thro' thoſe, without a thouſand wounds,
No ſpace for combate in yon' narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has ſhown,
On certain dangers we too raſhly run;
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this inſtant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day deſtroy, and bury all!
But ſhould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd,
All Troy muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Nor ſhall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then ye warriors! and obey with ſpeed;
Back from the trenches let your ſteeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.
So Greece ſhall ſtoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if Jove conſent) her fatal hour.
This counſel pleas'd: the godlike Hector ſprung
Swift from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.

The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and iſſues on the plain.
By orders ſtrict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the courſers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
And all obey their ſeveral chief's commands.
The beſt and braveſt in the firſt conſpire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of theſe,
Polydamas and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris ſhines,
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
The ſons of Priam with the third appear,
Deïphobus, and Helenus the ſeer;
In arms with theſe the mighty Aſius ſtood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Ariſba's yellow courſers bore,
The courſers fed on Selle's winding ſhore.
Antenor's ſons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fount-ful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the laſt band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Aſteropaeus aid,
Next him, the braveſt at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.

Now with compacted ſhields, in cloſe array,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the Grecians gaſping at their feet.

While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
Th' advice of wiſe Polydamas obey'd;

Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain!
No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus ſhall boaſt thy fall;
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain,
The flying Grecians ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift thro' the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half-open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies?
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths warlike race deſcend;
This Polypoetes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies:
Whoſe ſpreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging Aſius, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, Acamas in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoön cloſe the rear;

In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw Troy's ſable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.
So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On ev'ry ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling jav'lins ſung,
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:
To ſave their fleet, the laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.

As when ſharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below.
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky ſhow'r:
Heavy, and thick, reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantic Aſius thus accuſes heaven:

In pow'rs immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But look how waſps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
They ſtrike th' aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce theſe Greeks their laſt retreats defend.
Gods! ſhall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?

Theſe empty accents, mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind:
To god-like Hector and his matchleſs might
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the ſtony ſhow'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms appear'd.
The ſpirit of a god my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian gods, in deep diſmay,
With unaſſiſting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntleſs Lapithae maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.
Firſt Damaſus, by Polypoetes' ſteel,
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;

The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warrior ſinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath:
Nor leſs Leonteus ſtrews the fields with death;
Firſt through the belt Hippomachus he goar'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſting ſword;
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The faulchion ſtrook, and fate purſu'd the ſtroke;
Iamenus, Oreſtes, Menon, bled;
And round him roſe a monument of dead.
Meantime the braveſt of the Trojan crew
Bold Hector and Polydamas purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rowling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther bank now ſtood and gaz'd,
By heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A ſignal omen ſtop'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt.
Jove's bird on ſounding pinions beat the ſkies;
A bleeding ſerpent of enormous ſize,
His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries,
Amidſt the hoſt the fallen ſerpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its ſpires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt Polydamas the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to Hector ſpoke.

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well meant, and ſentiments ſincere?
True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thought, is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in counſel and in fight;
And all I move deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ſhips to gain;
For ſure to warn us Jove his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with fright,
Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle ſkies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize;
Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though theſe proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe:
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.

To him then Hector with diſdain return'd:
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
Or if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heav'n reſumes the little ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?

The leading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the fav'ring god,
Theſe ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhould'ſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs:
Tho' all our chiefs amid yon' ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardice t' eſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou can'ſt live, for thou can'ſt be a ſlave.
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon thro' our ſoldiers breaſts.
My jav'lin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in thy heart.
Furious he ſpoke, and ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where the leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terror and diſmay,
And gives great Hector the predeſtin'd day.
Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
Cloſe to the works the rigid ſiege they laid.

In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoaky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart ſtands the fierce alarms;
The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching ſhield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tow'r to tow'r.
And rouze, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r:
The gen'rous impulſe ev'ry Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praiſe.
Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge thoſe who ſtand, and thoſe who faint excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conqueſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but ſally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their rooted train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs;
And now the ſtones deſcend in heavier ſhow'rs.
As when high Jove his ſharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of ſtorms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A ſnowy inundation hides the plain;

He ſtills the winds, and bids the ſkies to ſleep;
Then pours the ſilent tempeſt, thick and deep;
And firſt the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the ſandy ſhore;
Bent with the weight, the nodding woods are ſeen,
And one bright waſte hides all the works of men:
The circling ſeas alone abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each ſide increas'd the ſtony rain,
And the white ruin riſes o'er the plain.

Thus god-like Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
'Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inſpir'd with martial flame
His matchleſs ſon, and urg'd him on to fame,
In arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample ſhield in air;
Within whoſe orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with braſs, and bound with ductile gold:
And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,
Majeſtic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Deſcends a lion on the flocks below;
So ſtalks the lordly ſavage o'er the plain,
In ſullen majeſty, and ſtern diſdain:
In vain loud maſtives bay him from afar,
And ſhepherds gaul him with an iron war;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way,
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Reſolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke.

Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield.
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound?
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd?
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above.
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place.
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;

Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He ſaid; his words the liſt'ning chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouze the warrior's fire;
The troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld,
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far,
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where Teucer with th' Ajaces ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes through the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound, [ground.
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the
Then thus to Thoos;—Hence with ſpeed, (he ſaid)
And urg'd the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at leaſt, our tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift as the word, the herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combate on the duſty ſhore.

Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid Thoos) Peteus' ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely here, the foes contend,
At leaſt, let Telamon thoſe tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.

Strait to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war;
Now valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
'Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to compleat the day—
Then, with his ſev'nfold ſhield, he ſtrode away.
With equal ſteps bold Teucer preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs,
Like ſome black tempeſt gath'ring round the tow'rs;
The Greeks, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultous clamours mounts, and thickens in the ſkies
Fierce Ajax firſt th' advancing hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave Epicles to the ſhades,
Sarpedon's friend; acroſs the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;

In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burden from the plain.
He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin cruſh'd his batter'd crown.
As ſkilful divers from ſome airy ſteep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the ſhades the ſoul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded ſhaft the deſtin'd paſſage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd ſome foe's inſulting boaſt
Might ſtop the progreſs of his warlike hoſt,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Diſabled Glaucus ſlowly quit the field;
His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows,
He ſprings to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmaon firſt was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore,
The ſpear, purſu'd by guſhing ſtreams of gore;
Down ſinks the warrior with a thund'ring ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.

Swift to the battlements the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;

It ſhakes; the pond'rous ſtones disjointed yield;
The rowling ruins ſmoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears: the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax ſends his jav'lin at the foe;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting ſquadrons to new fury warms.
O where, ye Lycians! is the ſtrength you boaſt?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue loſt!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded paſs to gain:
Unite, and ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all.

This juſt rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew;
Unmov'd th' embody'd Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds
Two ſtubborn ſwains with blows diſpute their bounds;
They tug, they ſweat; but neither gain nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:

Thus obſtinate to death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the wall.
Their manly breaſts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud ſtrokes are heard, and rattling arms reſound,
The copious ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two ſcales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling balance nods,
(While ſome laborious matron, juſt and poor,
With nice exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore)
Till pois'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, deſcends:
So ſtood the war, till Hector's matchleſs might,
With fates prevailing, turn'd the ſcale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries.
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and gathering at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling engines, and aſcend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A pond'rous ſtone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degenerate days.
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.

Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance, and ſtupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong.
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung.
Then thundering thro' the planks with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way,
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy at night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a god, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping ſpace,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the ſky.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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